

Ranson Parker, Ammancy Paine, Frances Aplin, Lydia F. Ashley, Samuel D. Cole, and Harriet Weld of Providence; Martin Cheeny, of Olneyville; Wm. Adams, Joseph Nissen, Jr., Daniel Mitchell, Susan Sisson, of North Providence; Abdi Tanner, of Warwick; Gees, G. Gould, of Cranston.

On Friday evening, the amount of funds was introduced, for fines, contributions, and donations, and pledges, amounting to between eight and nine hundred dollars, were received.

On Saturday morning, an interesting ushers arose on the nature and effects of organization; in which Messrs. N. P. Rogers, Wm. M. Chase, S. S. Foster, Wm. L. Garrison, and Martin Cheeny participated.

A resolution was also introduced by S. S. Foster, concerning the American Society for Friends, a donation from James Fowell Storer; insomuch as he receives his income from a business destructive to human health and happiness. After some discussion, the resolution was laid on the table.

After some further desultory remarks, it was voted to adjourn sine die.

W.M. APLIN, *Secretary.*

SPEECH OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS, A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

Delivered at the meeting of the Plymouth County Anti-Slavery Society.

Mr. Douglass is a rose, and he had experienced them in his own person. He alluded to his being dragged out of the car, and into the Eastern road, and to the fact that his master and his fellow passengers were suffered to remain. He told of the cruelties which his companion threw in the way of his master's wife, and of his master (a casker). At the South, he said there was none of that master had no more right to, said he, "than any of you, my hearers, have to your neighbor's easements." These were used to ride by the side of his master, and were repaid by him, when they were often colored by mud—there and then they have no "Jim Crow" seat in their coaches.

"In the South," he continued, "I was a member of the Methodist church. When I came north, I thought one Sunday I would go to the Methodist church in the town where I was staying. The white people gathered round the altar, the blacks clustered by the pews, and the slaves were excluded. They were excluded by southern masters."

They held bold, though living remote from each other, came in every quarter, in snow-storms, to attend the meeting. I addressed nearly two hours on the anti-slavery spirit of the Lord God, and the principles of which we were taught, and good-will to all men, and the love of our countrymen, have jumped on with this class of speakers, is ready to ride at the whole human family.

As was usual in this world, the poor and the mighty, and the master and the slave, met at the same altar, while I was in Michigan, was sick and cold, accompanied by nail, sleet, and snow; yet the eastern atmosphere was less frosty and dreary than the moral.

As a general thing, the souls of people are claimed by the de-humanizing influences of slavery. Though by no means sincere above all others, the people are automatically led to believe that they are.

I next went to Worcester, Jackson county, to our friend Reynolds.

The people here, though living remote from each other, came in every quarter, in snow-storms, to attend the meeting. I addressed nearly two hours on the anti-slavery spirit of the Lord God, and the principles of which we were taught, and good-will to all men, and the love of our countrymen, have jumped on with this class of speakers, is ready to ride at the whole human family.

In the evening, I lectured at Jacksonburg, a flourishing little city, which is entitled the seat of government. The meeting was thinly attended, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, and the difficulty of the Convention, to persons holding opinions differing from the abolitionists, to participate in the discussions.

Our first session was thinly attended, but the discussions were intensely interesting. The evening brought a crowded house and a mob, whose wharf-wood was "nigger wood"; after several fruitless efforts, they at length got it out. They then sat down, and were allowed to present quiet, but just now for the first time for adjustment in the afternoon, the doors would be closed against us that evening; assigning as a reason that they feared injury would cause the house to fall upon a crowd.

They refused to afford us the money paid for this meeting, but it was given. They then closed the doors again, and the audience adjourned.

They strolled up and down, and I sat down to write, while the audience adjourned.

At 10 o'clock, I fell into a trance. When she awoke, she declared she had been to heaven. Her friends were all anxious to know what she had seen there. She told them the grand story. But there was one old godly lady who curiously was not of all the others—and she inquired if the girl had not had a vision of the black robes of the angels.

"Yes," said the girl, "I don't go into the kitchen."

"What do you see, my heavens, this prelude goes even into the Church of God. And there are those who carry it so far that it is disgraceful to them to even think of going into the Church."

"They are not there. And whence comes it?" The grand cause is slavery; but there are others less prominent; one of them is the way in which children are educated, and another is the way in which they regard the blacks."—"Yes?" exclaimed an old gentleman, interrupting him.—"When they have been written that they are bad, "had they not been written that they are good?"

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Hear lies the mouldering remains
Of Juno, frost from all her parts,
Traveller in this mortal state,
I pray you, let me have a quiete
The humble and the chequered lot
Of Juno, even these have their spot;
She was a princess of her race,
And died with peaceful grace.
Her body was a slave—
mild,
Not fierce, but gentle—
That seemed absurd as far as free,
As wide a sweep across the sea.
He held command in the air,
With other spirits fluttering there;
And with the millions of dead slaves,
That tyrants trudged into their graves.
She had a smile, and what was so?
Juno, and was it all a show?
It's that the queen, brightest star,
That souls were in their Father's view,
Juno was true to all her kind.
True to the negro, bent and mind;
She never forgot her traum'd race,
But clasped in her soul's embrace,
Then weep for her when adverse fate
Made wayward, sad, and desolate.

G. W. H. BURLEIGH.

But see!—amidst the crimes that call aloud
For vengeance, one pale, wretched, young
Prisoner, in a gaol, sat silent with dark hair
Than ocean's widest eaves know.

Concerning is itself all voices, all
Of fal or foal that can the soul appell;

Perfection of impurity—the last

And crowning work of Lucifer, outset

Upon the earth, the tomb of hell—

A sinner, with a hoar, red

Lips, in moist blood which his own hands have shed,

And chimes, with scowling eye and bentone, tis

Tribute from all & fatal to thy thrones—

His throns, on crashed and beheaded boulds

Boast, and the world's weakest zest!

To him the plow, a plowman too,

Who fears that men will leave their toos soon;

What wretched apories for evill deeds,

And gaves pley by length of creeds—

Who pays lip-worship to the Lord of Heaven,

The while his heart is unto Massmon given—

Makes the world's most abominable grin,

Oppresseth his slaves to let them loose—

And at his bidding, with a wretched knock,

Lies and blasphemes, and swears that while is black,

Perverts the Bible and the Cross maligons,

And all—Heaven help us!—with the best designa-

Father of the ungrateful bound;

And his foul ways, with a curse rest with, gone.

The emblem of His death, who transgressions bore

Well may the land in which such deeds are wrought

Slander wear—God's vengeance sleepeth not!

Well may the nation, staled with crime so deep,

Grow pale, and tremble, and tremble, tremble, weep!

Happy the Lord my turn to see your wrath,

Not dash his lightnings rightly in our cause,

Not bid his vengeful thunders over us break;

But spare the guilty for the righteous' sake!

May we not lose our Land, grown timely wise,

Will pass a fiery foot impatients?

No longer rob the poor, no more oppressors,

The helpless, but to rags to ragslessness!

Live out her glorious principles, and show

A gazing world how radiant is their glow;

How bright the sun, how fair the sky, how clear,

A halo 'round the nation, in whose light

Earth shall rejoice, and the right reigns?

HYMN.

BY ERNEST KELLOR.

Nurse of the Pilgrim Sires, who sought,
To spread the Atlantic foam,

For freedom, and to hold thought,

A refuge, and a home,

Who would not be of them?—we,

A not unworthy, few,

These bears, amid the storm & fire, free,

The name of Washington?

Cousin of Shakespeare, Milton, Knox,
King-shaming Cromwell's throne!

Friends of the Puritan, and Lockes:

Earth's greatest thanes!

And shall thy children loose the chain;

For men that would be free?

Paris, Sidney, yet to be!

No—no! for the blood which king has gorged

Hath made their victims wise,

While every life that Fraud hath forged

Yield wisdom from its eyes;

But Morn is mighted, then,

When turning evil to good,

And moutains into men.

If ever the soul the chains are bound

It is bound in iron, in thrall,

If every laugh men are found

In fatal frowns to fall;

Lord! let Britain arm her bands,

Her sister states to ban;

But blest through all her other lands,

Their family of Man.

For freedom! if thy Haughton fought:

For peace if Falstaff fell;

For peace and love if Bentham wrote,

And Burns sang wildly well—

Let knowledge, strongest of the strong,

But bid no dead�cease;

Be that the burden of her song—

"Love, Liberty, and Peace!"

Then, Father! will thy nations all,

As we sing, be still of tens,

Sure words like joy like—

Let each love all, and all be free,

As they give as they live;

Lord! Jesus died for Love and Life;

So let thy children live!

The bower behind the star above,

And longed to reach its airy bough,

Bent long in a grove, a droop-tail'd bell,

And a soft and fragrant bell,

As if it dropt from upper air;

And gliding down from Heaven had gone,

To find on Earth, a kindred home.

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As if it dropt from upper air;

And gliding down from Heaven had gone,

To find on Earth, a kindred home.

The bower behind the star above,

And longed to reach its airy bough,

Bent long in a grove, a droop-tail'd bell,

And a soft and fragrant bell,

As if it dropt from upper air;

And gliding down from Heaven had gone,

To find on Earth, a kindred home.

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